Roſ. I underſtand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh eare.

Roſ. My Lord you muſt tell us where the body is, and goe with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body: the King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and two or three.

King. I have ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body;
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe?
Yet muſt we not put the ſtrong law on him,
Hee's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes,
And where 'tis ſo, th'offenders ſcourge is waigh'd,
But never the offence: to beare all ſmooth and even,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeeme
Deliberate pauſe; diſeaſes deſperate growne
By deſperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter Roſencraus, and all the reſt.

King. How now? what hath befallen?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd my Lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before us.

Roſ. Ho, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper? where?

Ha. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politick worms are een at him: your worme is your only Emperour for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat us, and wee fat our ſelves for maggots; your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable ſervice, two diſhes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worme that hath eat of a King,

eat